

# Midnight and the Master Chief

by All That Is Legendary

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Summary: Lt. Baker is a marine who just happens to meet MC. He has to go on a mission and at the end of every mission there is always a hot chick to bang! M for sex, violence and language.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Authors Notes:\*\***

\_It's me again, I have returned with a new fanfic, same as my first, its rated M for strong sexual content and is not a oneshot. I wrote this one just after uploading my first. I hope this one is kind of better, I wrote in a slight rush.\_

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Lieutenant George Baker dove out of the way as a ghost driven by a crazed Brute shot by. He had just enough time to hurl a plasma grenade at the Brute before rolling over and dodging the incoming fire from a nearby squadron of grunts. He lifted his assault rifle and opened fire on the shrieking assholes. Lt. Baker made sure that everyone of the small bastards was dead before assisting the wounded in his platoon. They carried the fallen on stretchers, ducking and weaving through the rocks in the canyon. "That was bloody close."

"No shit. I heard on the COM channel that Sgt. Bradley's squad took out a bunch of Brute Captains that were meeting just to the south, the whole damn place is just a giant crater."

Corporal Lee cut in, "Hey guys, I can see the camp! Lets hurry, if we can get over there before nightfall, we can just make dinner!"

Lt. Baker was sitting at one of the large makeshift tables laden with food. Next to him sat a civilian scientist, Leslie Hoffman, who

traveled with the troops. She studied the Brutes behavior on a grant from a university somewhere in the States. She was always there on the front lines with her camera and notepad. If a brute got too close, she would slice the shit out of it with a plasma sword she carried with her. Lt. Baker respected her, if only a little bit. He grabbed a chicken wing and some mashed potatoes and proceeded to wolf it down as noisily as he could manage. Leslie glanced at him with the occasional, \_close your mouth when you chew\_, while nibbling her salad. She reached for the salt just as he did. Their hands touched. Leslie felt a slight tingle and warmth came over her. Lt. Baker felt it too, he looked at her and gave a small smile. She smiled back and then looked away, blushing.

Lt. Baker washed his mess kit under the small stream of water.

"Lt. Baker?"

He turned, his mouth dropped open, and he nearly shit himself. Before him stood a SPARTAN II, its green armor glinted even though it was dark. It stood seven feet tall. "I am SPARTAN-117, the Master Chief. Are you Lt. Baker?"

He nodded vigorously. Never in his dreams did he think he would ever get to meet a SPARTAN. He never even knew entirely that they existed. He'd heard rumors from his superiors of the fabled SPARTANS, they couldn't die, and they could pick up and throw a tank.

"Lt. Baker, I need to use your radio." The SPARTAN looked intimidating in his armor.

"Y-yessir, it's over there on the table." He watched as the SPARTAN covered the thirty feet to the table in three long strides. He picked up the radio and removed his helmet, which Lt. Baker just noticed was damaged. He was surprised to see the Master Chief's face, it looked human. This unnerved Lt. Baker, he'd always pictured the SPARTANS as aliens.

On the way to his tent, Lt. Baker tried to clear his head. The initial shock of seeing a SPARTAN had yet to fade. He made it to the tent and peered in, he had yet another shock. Leslie Hoffman was waiting for him on his bed. She wore a tight fitting tank top, through which it was extremely obvious to see that there was no bra underneath. She also had on a short skirt, revealing light pink panties. Lt. Baker blinked dumbly as he looked at her. She smiled, "Hi, I uh, wanted to talk to you for a bit before I went to bed. Um, so"

He sat next to her and took off his helmet. "Uh, what did you want to talk about?" He hoped that it wouldn't be about something stupid, but by the way she was dressed, he thought that he might get laid tonight.

"Um, the Brutes we fought today, something in the way they fight has changed." She bit her lip nervously. She didn't want to talk about Brutes, she wanted to fuck, but something was nagging her about the Brutes.

"Oh." He was clearly disappointed.

"Yeah, uh, well. The Brutes are more aggressive when

cornered then before. Seven months ago, when cornered, they would berserk and fight hand to hand until the death. Now they fight totally unrestrained, they have no self-control, they overexert themselves with a single punch. And when they are exhausted after a few jabs and jumps they trigger all their plasma grenades and run at an enemy. They are clearly becoming desperate, but there is something more. I wanted to ask you, on your patrol tomorrow, could you bring back a sample of Brute blood? I-I need to run some chemical tests on it."

"Sure, okay. Do you have a bottle or something that I could use?" Lt. Baker was only slightly upset that she had asked for this. He was expecting something a little more exciting.

She produced from her bag a small vial and syringe. She handed them to him. "Take the sample with this." She smiled as he took them and attached them to his belt. They looked at each other for a moment. She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. He grinned and stood. She stood as well, "Goodnight Lt."

"Goodnight Ms. Hoffman." He watched her go.

"Oh, by the way Lt. Baker, the Brute needs to be alive when you draw the blood."

He groaned.

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Authors Notes:\*\***

\_This chapter doesn't contain anything but violence and language, just so you know. Chapter 3 however, is going to have all the sex this story contains. This is my second fanfic so if I haven't improved much, give me a little time. Some of this story was written as I listened to \_Temptation\_ by Godsmack.

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Lt. Baker rolled out of bed at the sound of Reveille. "Wuh, wuzzgoinon?" They usually didn't play Reveille when they're in an \_actual combat situation\_. He dressed hurriedly and put on his belt with his extra clips, grenades, and the tools Leslie gave him to use on the Brutes. He ran out of the tent and joined the line of soldiers at attention. He looked around at the camp, expecting to see a general or fleet admiral. But there was no one. \_What the hell is going on?\_ Then the SPARTAN came into view. \_Holy Fuck!\_ So he hadn't been dreaming last night.

The SPARTAN addressed them, "Marines of the UNSC, I have been sent here to request your help on a \_discreet\_ operation. Cortana, fill them in."

Lt. Baker stared in awe as a purple-blue figure appeared out of thin air next to the SPARTAN. "Yes Master Chief. Marines, the chief is going to board a carrier where the new Brute Chieftain is meeting with the Prophet of Truth to plan out their next steps. His mission

is to kill the Chieftain and secure the Prophet of Truth, and you're going to help him." She gave a reassuring smile to the Marines. Cortana looked at each of their faces in turn and almost giggled at how scared they looked. What a bunch of greenhorns.

The SPARTAN, Master Chief, turned to Lt. Baker and nodded, "You will help lead the marines through the carrier, securing a small perimeter around the place where the Chieftain and Truth are meeting. We'll go over more details later, for now we need to make it to the rendezvous point due south of here. A small militia of natives to this region is going to escort us through the terrain. They know this place better than we do, so their help will be valuable. The natives will take us past San Louis Potosi, to the awaiting longhorns stationed there. The Mexican president is being generous letting us resupply here, lets not test that generosity." The SPARTAN finished, slinging his assault rifle onto his back. He walked over to the table and picked up Cortana's data crystal and inserted it back into his helmet. Lt. Baker watched with awe, it was still sinking in that a full-fledged SPARTAN stood in front of him. It looked like a walking tank. The MJOLNIR armor looked scratched and worn from battles long ago. The sheer awesomness of the Master Chief was not as intimidating now. After a period of scrutinizing him, Lt. Baker began to feel the Master Chief more as a guardian, a helper of the innocent and protector of mankind.

"Awe man, my legs are killing me." Corporal Nichols had bitched for a solid hour and Lt. Baker was close to shoving his foot up his ass. Nichols climbed up onto a ledge and surveyed the surrounding landscape. "Sir, I think I can see the natives' base camp. Yeah! There it is! It's aboutâ€"his head exploded.

The SPARTAN reacted almost instantly, drawing out his assault rifle and diving over the ledge towards the incoming fire. The marines were still pulling out their weapons when the Master Chief climbed back over the ledge, and collected Nichols' dog tags, covered in the glowing green Brute blood. It reminded Lt. Baker of the request that Leslie Hoffman had made. He walked over to the Master Chief with his own request, "Sir, uhâ€¦could you do me a favor?"

Master Chief looked at him for a second, sizing him up. "What favor?"

Lt. Baker hid behind the sandbags, reloading as fast as he could. After slamming the new clip in, he stood up and opened fire. Rounds pelted into the Brutes from all sides. All Brutes but one fell dead. The last one hadn't yet berserked, still retaining the sanity to ask, "And why am I alive? Are you going to tie me up and experiment on me!?" Lt. Baker watched, as it got angry and with one homicidal roar it berserked. The Master Chief was on it in seconds. He tripped the Brute then quickly jammed the syringe in its ass and began to pull blood. The container was half full when the Brute got up and charged a marine. He rolled out of the way and let Master Chief jump on its back and pull more blood. Satisfied with the amount in the container, Master Chief pulled out his M90A Shotgun and fired one shell into the back of the Brutes skull. Its head imploded, squirting blue brain matter.

Lt. Baker clipped the vial onto his belt, making sure it was protected, if he didn't get this back to Leslie, he probably wouldn't get laid.

They trudged on, Corporals Gregory and Miller hauled the backpacks full of extra ammo while Captain Sophia Banks drove their only mongoose with their food tied to the back. Ahead, about half a mile away, the militia of native Mexicans waited. One of them, apparently the leader walked up to Master Chief and spoke, "Bienvenidos a San Louis Potosi mis amigos!" \_Welcome to San Louis Potosi my friends.\_

Cortana replied, "Gracias para ayudarnos." \_Thank you for helping us.\_

"De nada. Eres la jefe principal?" \_No problem. Are you the Master Chief?\_

"Siâ€|ehâ€|tu hablas ingles?" \_Yesâ€|umâ€|do you speak English?\_

The Mexican smiled and replied, "Indeed I do, quite fluently, actually. So my friends, we hear that you need some escorting eh? First lets rest. Then we'll get some tequila out and have us a party." The other Mexicans yelled their approval. Lt. Baker's men came and settled on chairs and small makeshift couches. The Mexicans eyed them as if they were schoolchildren. The Mexican, Lt. Baker found out, was Colonel Alejandro Mendoza, cousin to Corporal Perez who fought with the Master Chief in New Mombasa. Lt. Baker looked beyond the small encampment, seeing nothing but sand and rocks. A tiny dirt devil swirled around, kicking up the yellow sand and flinging small rocks around. He turned back around to see a petite woman, probably a Captain, carrying several large bottles of tequila and shot glasses for everyone. She leaned down and her small perky breasts almost fell out of her shirt. She stood up straight, grabbed a bottle of tequila gulped down a large amount. She ripped off her shirt, exposing herself completely and poured tequila all over herself. She wore a wide grin on her face and yelled, "Tequila!" Lt. Baker smiled, \_I love Mexicans\_.

Lt. Baker groaned as another wave of nausea hit him like a hammer. He walked as he vomited, leaving a trail as he went he looked up and wiped his mouth. Up in the distance, he could see two Longhorn fighters waiting to carry them to space. They shimmered like some sort of mirage. The Mexicans walked at a much faster pace, looking back at their hungover companions, they occasionally stopped and laughed.

Once they finally reached the Longhorns. The pilots climbed out to greet them. The first one there introduced himself, "Captain Montgomery, sir, if its not too much to ask, we need you aboard immediately." He led several Mexicans and some of Lt. Baker's men into his Longhorn, while the petite Captain, Lt. Baker and Colonel Mendoza climbed aboard the second Longhorn. The pilot sat down at the controls and began to perform the pre-flight checklist. As he glanced to a console above him, the Captain strode over to him and sat between his legs. He looked down to see the Captain unzip his fly and pull out his dick. He barely got to say anything before she started to suck on it. He could barely hold back a groan as he squirted cum into her mouth. She swallowed it all and wiped her mouth off, smiling. She crawled out from between his legs and sat back down with the Colonel and Lt. Baker. Colonel Mendoza looked towards Lt. Baker and explained, "I believe the word in English is \_nymphomaniac.\_"

Lt. Baker nodded, slightly disturbed, "I see."

A vibration shuddered through the hull of the Longhorn as they left Earth's atmosphere. They were now in low orbit. Lt. Baker glanced out the window. He marveled for a moment at Earth's beauty. He could see Asia, a large green mass with deserts and jungles. He even spotted the Great Wall of China. He'd read that you could see the Great Wall from space, but he had never looked for himself. The Captain took this moment of him looking away to do him the same favor she'd done the pilot. He leaned back, \_might as well enjoy it, it's free.\_ Colonel Mendoza sniggered.

The Longhorns docked on the cruiser \_Sun's Fleet\_ for escort to the Covenant carrier. Lt. Baker met back up with his marines, happy to see them. "How was the ride?"

Captain Banks was smiling, she rarely smiled so Lt. Baker opened his mouth to ask what she was smiling about. Before he could ask, she said, "Corporal Miller threw up on Gregory!"

Lt. Baker leaned to the side and saw behind the Captain the two puke covered dumbasses fighting. He laughed, it wasn't everyday that two imbeciles covered in slime fist fought over being covered in slime.

They small pack of Mexicans and the four Americans stepped into the bridge of the \_Sun's Fleet\_ to greet the Captain, Christopher Sandler. Lt. Baker saluted the Captain, "Sir, Lt. Baker reporting for duty."

Colonel Mendoza said, "Its good to see you again my friend! Que paso since we last talked?"

Sandler had a small grin on his face. "I became the Captain of this ship, obviously. But lets dispense with the formalities. Its good to see you again." He lifted a cigar to his mouth and took a large puff. "I will escort you to the carrier. There you will board a longhorn and infiltrate it through the plasma exhaust vent underneath the Cannon. Details will remain sketchy for now, but I promise I'll have more for you within the hour." The Captain took another puff then turned to a small pedestal. "\_Eternal Lament\_."

A green-blue man dressed in an Air Force jumpsuit appeared above the pedestal, he had a smirk on his face. Lt. Baker guessed that it was not a 'smart' AI. A 'smartass' AI maybe. The AI turned to the Captain after surveying the odd bunch of Marines and Mexicans. "Sir?"

"Set a course for the carrier, remain cloaked. Skirt around the Cairo and fire one MAC round into the core reactor, keep them from leaving the immediate area. This needs to be done within the next thirty seconds. Go!" The \_Sun's Fleet\_ turned towards the Cairo and shot off. It reached the Cairo and jackknifed, flipping around to face the distant carrier. It glowed with a purplish haze, a menacing creature ready to fight. Fortunately the \_Sun's Fleet\_ was out of its killzone. But it was not out of theirs. \_Eternal Lament\_ targeted the heat signature coming from the core reactor. He fired. A boom shook the \_Sun's Fleet\_ and everything went dark. The crew saw the tremendous flash as the MAC round shot towards the Carrier. They watched as the round burst through the carrier's shield and tore

through ship's hull. The core redlined as the MAC round passed through the convulsing energy, opening the circuit. A dull boom reached them as half of the carrier fell away into Earth's gravitational pull. The carrier was now a cheetah with one leg.

Captain Sandler smiled.

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Author's Notes\*\*:**

\_This is, I guess, the not too awaited last chapter of my second trilogy. I hope it's not a disappointment, as I do with all my work. This is written under the extreme pressure of time and of course I need the support from those who review my fanfics. For my ever-growing fan base I now complete this story seeing as my fans are due their share of my writings. Please read and review. And for those of you who don't know who I am, I am All That Is Legendary, none are like me.\_

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Captain Sandler looked for a moment more at the halved Carrier. \_This is risky, if one of my teams is killed, I will not cease to eradicate the Prophet, regardless of my orders. My men are my family.\_ He turned toward the Master Chief and Lt. Baker. "You two are to proceed to the loading bay and board three flights of Pelicans to invade the enemy Carrier. Lt. Baker, your men, Master Chief, and Colonel Mendoza's men will take the last two Pelicans. Three of my own ODS teams will take the first Pelican ahead of you to secure a perimeter around the landing area. From the LZ make your way through the ship to the Central Chambers where the Prophet and the Chieftain are meeting. Take five-minute surveillance, then kill them. Get out in less than twenty minutes before we launch a SHIVA nuke to vaporize the ship. Am I understood?"

Lt. Baker and the Chief nodded, while Colonel Mendoza merely grunted. Lt. Baker was just a teeny bit nervous. \_Holy shit! What if we die!? Can \_\_my\_\_ men really do this? Iâ€¦don't know, oh God we're screwed! I did not join the Marines for this!\_

Captain Sandler turned away to look at the computer data scrolling down the glass screen. Green symbols flashed and disappeared to give way to more symbols. Captain Sandler gazed past them to the space beyond. Ships from the UNSC and Covenant Separatist ships flew together. He remembered watching a video about the Earth in the early 2010's. They didn't have these massive ships, not even Shaw Fujikawa slipspace generators. Their culture seemed so primitive, yet for them it was the most advanced yet. \_How the world has changed, \_the Captain thought to himself. \_I wonder how the people five hundred years ahead will look at us. Hopefully not with disdain, for they would know things we don't. Hopefully they will not look at us with regret for the mistakes we've made. We are only human.\_ Captain Sandler heard the Master Chief and Lt. Baker walk away.\_ Godspeed Marines.\_

Lt. Baker clung to the bar jutting from the ceiling of the Pelican's passenger bay. Clenching his teeth he looked through the glass of the pilots cockpit. The Carrier loomed ahead of him. Several of its plasma cannons were still online. It fired wild shots in every direction, which was probably in itself more dangerous than if the Carrier had spotted them. He saw through a porthole the second Pelican, carrying Mendoza and his men, perform a barrel roll and shot away as a searing purple plasma beam arced through the space that they had just occupied. Lt. Baker could've sworn that he could feel the heat burning his face. It was close.

They made it to the plasma exhaust vent. As they entered the vent, streams of blue coolant dripped from the ceiling. The cylindrical tunnel was about three hundred meters wide. Markings and pipes lined the walls, labeled in alien languages. As the Pelican slowed, Lt. Baker noticed that greenish gasses spewed in bursts out of certain pipes, while superheated plasma spluttered out of others. This vent must connect to the power core that is no longer there, so that means that if we traverse the whole tunnel, we'll come out the end of the halved ship. He hardly noticed the pilot call for the Marines to put on their oxygen masks. "The ship's atmosphere," the pilot explained, "is made up of methane dioxide."

Lt. Baker nodded. "Pilot, state your name and rank."

He heard the pilot's reply over the radio, "Private 1st Class, Jacob Caraballo, sir."

"Private Caraballo, up ahead there should be a small pad connected to a large doorway of some kind, drop us off there and await further orders." Lt. Baker cracked his knuckles. He turned on his supply of oxygen as the Pelican pulled up to the pad. It looked to be made of some shiny silver metal, but then again, so did everything. He and his men stepped to the gun rack and chose their weapons. Lt. Baker pulled an M4A1 assault rifle off the rack and strapped it to his back. I don't think a pistol is an appropriate side arm. So instead he grabbed an M7 Caseless Sub Machine Gun. Captain Sophia went for a more practical approach. She pulled an assault rifle over her shoulder and went straight for an M90 Shotgun. Miller and Gregory both took two M7's and dual wielded pistols. Lt. Baker grinned at the wide array of weaponry. This ought to be fun.

The Pelican twisted around so that the back was facing the pad. Lt. Baker and his marines jumped off and hit the ground running. Sophia was first to the door. With strength she didn't think she had, she aimed a ferocious kick at the door. It blew off its 'hinges' and flew halfway into the next room. She smiled. She raised her shotgun and stalked into the room, closely followed by Miller and Gregory. Lt. Baker was last, SMG fully raised he crept into the room. He lowered his weapon and stared around the room. The walls were covered in blue glowing hieroglyphs. The walls themselves were a metallic purple. A bright light shone on the floor. Lt. Baker stepped closer to it. THUD. A brute flew up from the light and grunted in surprise, seeing the humans. Sophia jumped up and fired a round into its face. Green blood splattered her armor and face. It roared in agony, not yet dead. The enraged brute fired its brute plasma rifle blindly, its face nearly gone. Several rounds struck Sophia in the chest and Miller in the leg. She yelled in pain, blood flowing from the large burnt hole in her armor. Her armor fell off and her jumpsuit underneath was burned away. Her breasts were badly burned. Lt. Baker yelled out



angrily firing into the Brute's chest. \_I thought Sandler's men already \_came\_ through here! \_After the damage the brute sustained, it keeled over. Lt. Baker ran towards Sophia. Corporal Gregory was already there. He crouched next to her. Gregory sniffed, "She's gone." Lt. Baker looked at Sophia. Her face was contorted in pain. A large hole lay open between her breasts. Gregory yanked off her dog tags and pocketed them.

Miller hopped on one leg and tossed a grenade. It flew into the Brute's open mouth as it screamed its war cry. Its head exploded splashing brain matter all over its companions. Miller pulled out a plasma grenade he had found after they had moved on from the room Sophia had been killed in. Miller told Lt. Baker that he was useless on one leg. So he made himself the decoy. Twelve brutes stood in that room, Miller wasn't planning on killing all of them, and he wasn't even planning on surviving. He just needed to give Lt. Baker enough time to sneak around and rendezvous with the Mexicans in the Central Chamber.

Miller pulled out two more plasma grenades and triggered them all behind his back. He began hopping towards the Brute Captain. Several Brute Spiker rounds caught him in the chest. The pain was unbearable as the searing hot spikes penetrated his Aortic valve above his heart and his lungs. With a scream of anger, revenge, and agony he threw himself at the Brute Captain. All three plasma grenades detonated. A blue flash thundered through the cavernous room. A great heat melted the skin and outer showing organs of five brutes while the kinetic shock wave threw the others into nearby walls and furnishings. Two were impaled on a statue and one cracked its skull open on a wall. Lt. Baker threw his own grenade to try and finish off the rest as he hurtled through the adjacent hallway.

Colonel Mendoza heard Lt. Baker coming and signaled to his men to cover him if he was being followed by hostiles. Fortunately, Lt. Baker was the only being to run out of the hallway. He put his hands on his knees and stood panting. After a few moments they heard the dull thuds coming from the enraged Brutes. Colonel Mendoza hefted a rocket launcher that one of his men passed him. He stood at the entrance of the hallway. Mendoza saw ahead the silhouettes bouncing along. One of the Brutes saw him and fired a single Spiker. It sizzled through the air and sank into Mendoza's chest. A true Marine, Mendoza didn't even bat an eye. Instead he fired the rocket. It flew with a gentle \_swish,\_ before impacting on a Brute's chest. The explosion incinerated the Brute and the resulting flame swallowed the other two. Green blood evaporated in midair and the once blue, pulsating walls now were scorched with soot. Surveying the carnage, Mendoza pulled the Spiker round out of his chest. Closing his eyes for a moment he prayed an ancient prayer said by his Mayan ancestors. He opened his eyes again and turned to face Lt. Baker. "We have a little way to go. Let us go, \_rapido por favor.\_ Quickly please."

Lt. Baker nodded absently as he followed Mendoza and his marines. \_Why the hell are all these Brutes still alive? What happened to Sandler's men?\_ He had little time to think before he received his answer. He ran into the back of the Mexican Captain, not noticing that she had stopped. She whipped around and covered his mouth as he tried to voice his surprise. He ceased struggling at the site before him. \_Oh God.\_ Before them hung on thick green ropes were nine naked and savagely mutilated bodies. Lt. Baker stood horrified.

A cruel and merciless laugh cut through the silence. About fifty meters above the terrified humans, descending from a gravity lift, were the Prophet of Truth and the new Brute Chieftain. The massive Brute laughed again. It said in a deep, throaty voice, "You pathetic humans could never stand up next to the Covenant, why do think that now is an exception?" It smirked at the tiny pink creatures before him. Save for the brown ones, which the Chieftain swore gave off pure almost uncontrollable rage. Why did this frighten him.

Lt. Baker nearly shit himself. Before his asshole got a say in the matter a though struck him. \_Where the hell is the Master Chief? I haven't seen him since Sophiaâ€¦\_he trailed off. He glanced at Mendoza, who was also thinking the same.

The Prophet of Truth sat in his hovering throne, scrutinizing the humans. "I do not understand," it said, "why is it that these humans have attempted to kill us without the help of the Demon? I watched as he arrived with you, but he has since gone from sight." It pondered its own words for a moment. It didn't get too long to ponder. \_Chk-Chk. \_Truth gulped loudly and rotated 180 degrees to face the Master Chief's raised shotgun. John didn't give Truth a moment to scream. He fired twice into the alien freak's chest and face. The Brute Chieftain yelled and jumped at the Chief. Lt. Baker opened fire on the Brute, peppering him with bullets. The temporary pause allowed the Chief to bring his elbow to the Brute's face, smashing the bone into the Brute's brain, killing him. John fired an extra round into the Brute's face. Lt. Baker allowed himself a small smile. That was fun.

Mendoza was less impressed. "Have we found out anything about the Covenant's plans, eh?"

Lt. Baker's heart sank, "fuck."

"No, no, the Covenant are trying to figure out how to use the Ark, and so far they don't understand anything about it. That's all they're concentrating on currently." Master Chief said.

Mendoza cocked an eyebrow. "That's what they've been doing for the past week, so we've learned nothing new. Ah well." Mendoza checked his watch. "We have five minutes to get out." He said calmly. He turned on his heel and ran, signaling to his men as he went. They turned and followed him out.

Master Chief turned to Lt. Baker, nodded once, then followed the Mexicans. Lt. Baker turned and took a quick piss on Truth. He shook twice then followed the Master Chief.

**\*\*Author's notes:\*\***

\_Hope you like the story. I worked hard on this one, but I'm working even harder on my next venture. It'll come in a few weeks so be patient. By the way, this is the end of the story, but I will publish and epilogue soon for those who need the more completed version. I am All That Is Legendary, none are like me.\_

**\*\*Author's Notes:\*\***

\_This is the epilogue for Midnight and the Master Chief. Written because the initial story was missing the usual sex scene. Hope you enjoy, I tried hard on this one.\_

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Lt. Baker slept peacefully. He dreamt he was back home with his girlfriend, Jennifer. He dreamed he was driving down a long dirt road, Jenna giving him a nice long blowjob. Lt. Baker smiled in his sleep. He felt almost like he was getting one nowâ€|waitâ€|he opened his eyes. Looking down the bed he saw a naked woman crouching over him, deep throating him. "What the hell!"

Leslie Hoffman smiled, her face dripping with his cum. He barely moved as she slid his boxers down and sat over him. He groaned as she lowered her tight pussy onto him. Halfway through she dropped with all her weight. She squealed in pleasure. Leslie leaned over him, allowing him to suckle and touch her large warm breasts. She began to bounce on him, moaning every second. He moaned her name. \_She is so tight, I'm going to explode!\_ He began to move with her, feeling her warm wetness. Her pussy convulsed on him, milking him for more sperm. She bounced harder on him. "Uhhh, Ohh God!" She screamed. He squirted cum deep into her womb. He moaned as he squirted several more loads into her. She fell backwards off of him panting. She stuck a finger inside of her and sucked on it. Still horny she got on her hands and knees and moaned, "Lieutenant, oh Lieutenant, fuck me. Fuck my ass!" She yelled. He obliged. Getting behind her he placed himself at her entrance. He stuck her. "Uhhh!" She whimpered as he shoved his entire dick into her. Lt. Baker pulled back out and rammed back in. Her ass was extremely hot and a better fit to him. He felt the walls of her colon contract as he pumped in and out. He came in her ass. More and more cum oozed out of his throbbing dick and spluttered into her behind. She screamed her appreciation. He pulled out of her and lay down. She quickly turned around and sucked up the remaining seed of his dick. Unfortunately for Lt. Baker, she suffered, or rather, enjoyed, a form of hypersexuality. She can go at it all night and still not be satisfied. Round two was about to begin when the Master Chief ran into the tent gun drawn, "I heard screamingâ€"

He cut off at the sight of Leslie and Lt. Baker intertwined. "uhâ€|oh, uh" He backed out slowly.

Cortana laughed, "If I ever get a body, we should try that sometime!"

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file.